

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

leave betimes, let be.

*A table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with cushions;  
King, Queen, and all the state, foiles, daggers, and Laertes.*

*King.* Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

*Ham.* Give me your pardon sir, I have done you wrong,  
But pardon it as you are a Gentleman: this presence knowes,  
And you must needs have heard how I am punisht  
With a sore distraction; what I have done  
That might your nature, honour, and exception  
Roughly awake, I here proclaime was madnesse.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never Hamlet;

If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away,

And when hee's not himselfe does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it:

Who does it then? his madnesse: if't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,

His madnesse is poore Hamlets enemy;

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill

Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow ore the house,

And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive in this case should stirre me most

To my revenge, but in my tearmes of honour

I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,

Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour

I have a voice and president of peace

To my name ungor'd: but all that time

I doe receive your offered love like love,

And will not wrong it.

*Ha.* I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager  
frankly play.

Give us the foiles:

*Laer.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance:

Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night

Sticke fiery off indeed.

*Laer.* You mocke me sir.

*Ham.*

## Prince of Denmark

*Ham.* Noby this hand.

*Kin.* Give them the foils young  
You know the wager.

*Ham.* Very well my Lord:  
Your Grace has laid the oddes

*King.* I doe not feare it, I have  
But since he is better we have th

*Laer.* This is too heavie, let

*Ha.* This likes me wel, these f

*Ostr.* I my good Lord,

*King.* Set me the stoops of w  
If Hamlet give the first or secon

Or quit in answer of the third e

Let all the battlements their O

The King shall drink to Hamle

And in the cup an Onyx shall h

Richer than that which foure su

In Denmark's Crown have wor

And let the Kettle to the Trum

The Trumpet to the Canoneer v

The Cannons to the heavens, th

Now the King drinks to Ham

And you the Judges beare a war

*Ham.* Come on sir.

*Laer.* Come my Lord.

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Judgement.

*Ostr.* A hit, a very palpable hi

*Laer.* Well, againe.

*King.* Stay, give me drinke, A

Here's to thy health: give him t

*Ham.* Ile play this bout first,

Come, another hit, what say yo

*Laer.* I doe confest.

*King.* Our sonne shall win.

*Quee.* Hee's fat and scant of

Here Hamlet, take my napkin,